



Young Cafey Is the LAD.

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WHEN I was at home, I was mer-
ry and frisky,
My dad kept a pig, and my mother sold
whisky,
My uncle was rich, but would never be
easy,
Till I was enlisted by Corporal Cafey ;
Och ! rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal
Cafey,
My dear little Shelah I thought would
run crazy,
When I trudg'd away with rough Corpo-
ral Cafey.
I march'd from Kilkenny, and as I was
thinking
On Sheelah, my heart in my bosom was
finking,
But soon I was forc'd to look fresh as a daisy,
For fear of a drubbing from Corporal
Cafey ;
Och ! rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal
Cafey,
The devil go with him, I ne'er could be
lazy,
He stuck in my skirts so, ould Corporal
Cafey.
We went into battle, I took the blows
fairly
That fell on my pate, but they bother'd
me rarely,
And who should the first be that dropt ?
why an't please ye,
It was my good friend, honest Corporal
Cafey ;
Och ! rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal
Cafey,
Thinks I you are quiet, and I shall be easy,
So eight years I fought without Corporal
Cafey.

